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Foreign Correspondence of the Christian Reflector.

Letters from Yucatan.

TRIP TO CAMPECHE.

Merida, Dec. 20, 1847.

During the epidemic remitting fever which followed the rainy season of 1847, I was sent for by a gentleman who resided in the city of Campeche, with reference to an operation for emigration. That city, the principal seaport of Yucatan, is situated upon the western coast of the peninsula, three hundred miles eastward of Vera Cruz, and one hundred and twenty by the road from Merida.

On the morning of the twenty-first of September, having paid my fare in the diligence, a genuine Troy vehicle, at the rate of twelve and a half cents per mile, beside a medio or four pence for every pound of baggage, which was not done without some grumbling at such an exorbitant price, I took my seat, together with three passengers, who, like myself, were very much disposed to find fault with the stage tariff. One of these was a lady, under the charge of a fellow-traveller; the latter, as I afterward learned, being an emissary of the Meridians, and sent by him to aid the turbulent spirits of Campeche in getting up a "pronouncement." Our establishment was paid by five mules, there being three leaders; and such rough, uncouth animals were probably never seen out of Mexican territory. We were liberally supplied with drivers, having no less than three of those important personages; one to manage the reins, another the whip, and the third, a boy, whose business was, if the mules slackened pace, to spring down from the roof of the coach, ply a heavy club vigorously about their heads, and while they were at full gallop, dash along at the rate of ten miles an hour, mounting dexterously again into his place.

The hour for starting was five o'clock, A. M., and at ten minutes past, we were all four, punctually in our places, drivers mounted, the boys, sit in front, awaiting the signal, and all ready. Now, although in the United States, a stage-coach may be seen at almost every street corner, in Yucatan they are entirely different. Some five years since, two substantial Troy coaches, built expressly for the rough roads of this peninsula, were purchased by an enterprising Yucatec, and brought out for the purpose of running on the Merida and Campeche mail route.

Being a great novelty, nothing was talked of but "las diligencias," and whenever they made their weekly trip, crowds of admiring spectators were drawn together to witness a "la diligencia," y la salida de las diligencias, the arrival and departure of the stage. At first, few persons would travel in them; perhaps they might overtake it, but it was an innovation on old established custom; they could not see why a stage-coach should be preferable to a "coches" or "volanteos." True, it would run through in a day, but it was so much more comfortable to take your own vehicle, and be as long or short time upon the road as you pleased! Very philosophical, but not exactly tenable. In spite, however, of these objections, the line was established, and eventually had a good run of custom.

But to return to the subject. Early in the morning, quite a collection of Mestizos and Indians were on the spot to witness our departure, while from several half-opened balconies, senoras, with their servants, were watching our movements. It is said that mules are stubborn; and one may very readily satisfy himself of this, if he lives in Mexico.

When all was ready, the word was given, whips cracked, and the drivers shouted; but our mules maintained themselves in *status quo*. An application of the club resulted in one pulling one way and another, whilst the others commenced kicking vigorously. To a few more strokes succeeded a sudden plunge of the leaders, which brought the coach upon the sidewalk, and the wheels in contact with the side of a house, breaking off large pieces of stucco, beside damaging the harness. In the mean while, the hindmost obstinately began pulling backwards, and after ineffectual attempts to start, it was found necessary to procure another team, which, upon the application of the whip, and after some kicking and plunging, started off at a tremendous rate, now on one side of the narrow street, running the wheels upon the sidewalk, then on the other, putting to flight the Indian market women who were on their way to the "plaza," and dashing along by the church of San Juan, where early mass was being offered, causing the worshippers who were kneeling upon the sidewalk to bridle themselves to a place of greater security, until finally brought up against an Indian's palm thatched hut, knocking a large hole in the mud wall, and demolishing the door, affording ready access to the astonished inhabitants, besides again breaking our harness, and injuring considerably the coach. After this feat, the mules remained more quiet, and our harness of ropes having been repaired, and gaining the open country, where the road was wider, off we started again, and with occasional plunges of our wild animals, who galloped along at a rapid rate, together with a few scarpes against the stone fences, we arrived at the town of Uman, having ridden twelve miles in an hour and a quarter.

The rains being hardly over, the roads were not at all in very good condition, and we did not arrive at Campeche by undown, as was customary during the dry season. For a hundred miles, the face of the country is sterile and rocky, but approaching the city, it changes into a dark, rich soil, covered with a luxuriant tropical vegetation.

In the dry season, this part of the road is

almost insufferable, from the clouds of fine dust, which rise upon the least breath of wind, while during the rains, it is converted into a quagmire, into which the wheels of vehicles sink to the axle, and remain firmly imbedded, resisting all attempts to extricate them. Under the influence of the tropical sun, these marshes become the hot-beds of malaria, the fruitful source of disease; and at this very time, Campeche, with its environs, were visited by intermittent and remitting fever, and so prevalent was the disease, that out of the twenty thousand inhabitants of that city, some two thousand were sick at once, while scarcely an individual escaped one or more of its forms. We had entered this territory, and were slowly moving through the mud and water, which frequently splashed in upon us.

The sun had set an hour previously, and the short twilight of the tropics had given place to the sombre shades of night. Suddenly a sound was heard, as of shot being aimed, followed by "Halo! halo!" half there! at which unexpected summons we came to a stand. A head was now thrust in at the window, and our permits demanded and minutely examined by the coach lights. "Quien de vos es el Americano?" which is the American? was now asked. I replied in the affirmative. After a moment's silence, during which the head was again introduced and withdrawn, two persons near the coach door commenced a conversation in low tones; and being seated by the window, I could understand that the Campechanos, suspecting emissaries from Merida to be on the road, had sent troops with orders to arrest them, and examine the permits of all passengers. I was an American, there was no mistaking that, and the lady was equally free from suspicion. The difficulty then was, whether or not the remaining passengers were those named in the permits; and as there was no way of proving this, the sergeant of the company presently put in his head again at the window, observing that we must remain in our present situation until an "alcalde" could be obtained.

Now, the distance to the nearest town was twelve miles, and before the above mentioned functionary could possibly arrive, the night would be far spent. We could not, even by bribery, induce the sentinels to allow us to pass, and there was no remedy but to remain where we were. In the mean while, one of our drivers, mounting a leader, set off at a slow trot through the mud and water, to find an alcalde.

How we passed the night, is more than I can remember; chilled through with the damp air of the marsh, and tormented by myriads of mosquitoes, I finally fell asleep, and awoke at daylight in a burning fever. Less than a fortnight previously, I had suffered severely from fever and ague, and by this exposure to the pestilential miasma, was undoubtedly a candidate for another attack.

I have a confused recollection of the arrival of the alcalde, and of my being borne along in a "coche," upon the shoulders of four Indians, whom I lost all consciousness. Upon coming to myself, I was lying in a soft hammock in the sala of the convent at Lerma. A pretty Mestiza girl was seated upon a mat, swinging me gently to and fro, and the fragrant morning air, dillyng with the rustling branches of the palm and cocoa, as it fanned me softly, seemed to give me new life.

It was Sunday morning; and through the half-opened sacristy door, the notes of the organ came faintly to my ear, and I could see the Indians and Mestizos, in their picturesque white dresses, kneeling before the altar. A cup of delicious cocoa water, presented by my nurse, revived me, and upon asking how long I had been sick, she gave me to understand that I must remain perfectly quiet; to be sure, I was a "medico," and perhaps knew best, but that it was necessary to do just as the cura had ordered. She told me, however, that I had remained unconscious twenty-four hours, that both of my fellow-passengers had been arrested by the "alcalde," the lady having gone on to Campeche alone.

But I must not weary you. Suffice it to say, that with quinine, the kind cure of my Mestiza nurse and the cura, I had quite recovered in three days, and on the morning of the fourth, I left the hospitable convent of Lerma, with its venerable, kindly-bent cura, and arrived at Campeche the same day.

Piety and Preaching.

Eminent personal religion will have the most happy influence upon the minister in the execution of the truth. He whose heart is deeply imbued with the gospel, whose "bowels yearn" over his fellow-men, who "travels in birth" for them until Christ is formed in them the hope of glory, and who feels the "love of Christ constraining" him, is prepared to preach the gospel, and he will preach in the "demonstration of the Spirit and with power." He contemplates his hearers in reference to the judgment and their eternal destiny; in reference to the brevity of life, and the great work to be done in them; and by them, in order to the salvation of their souls. He knows that whatever is done in relation to the soul's salvation must be done "quickly." In introducing his subject, he will follow the example of our Lord in his discourse with Nicodemus, and in his sermon on the mount. He will come as directly as possible to the work in hand. His expression will be simple, clear and impressive. Making no attempt at display, he will aim to give his hearers the true meaning of the text, the precise sense which the Holy Ghost intended to convey. His language will be simple, but forcible; his illustrations striking and impressive; his figures, like those of the Saviour, borrowed from scenes and circumstances with which all are familiar. He will not lower the standard of truth, nor the claims of religion, to the wishes of a depraved men. He will not preach "smooth things" to please those who are crying, "peace, peace," when God has not spoken peace; and when duty requires, he will speak out in tones of thunder the dreadful threatenings of the book of God. He will not seek for multitudes

terms than those of our Lord. He will speak of things as they are, and as they will appear in the light of eternity. He will think more of commanding himself to the consciences of his hearers, than of pleasing their ears with well-turned periods. He will deem it better to affect the heart, than to please the fancy;—to cause sinners to weep for their sins, than to cause them to wonder at the learning, wit or ingenuity of the preacher. His preaching will be distinguished by sobriety and earnestness. Others may be trifling and vain, and

"Count a smile when they should win a soul."

Not so with him. He will be sober, but not melancholy; grave, but cheerful. In his presence and under his ministry it will not be easy to be light and thoughtless. He will present in a vivid manner, even the most solemn and awful, the most grand and glorious; and all with a spirit and air so befitting his subject, his character and his station, that the most careless will often be compelled to listen.—*Christian Review.*

For the Christian Reflector.

Revival Influence.

We must have such an influence to ENLARGE AND DIRECT THE SPIRIT OF BEVOLUTION. When the love and reign of Mammon are subdued, hearts and efforts are opened for the cause of God. But other influences are always ready to counteract. Hence the Spirit's power is constantly needed to inspire, enlarge, and direct, in the work of benevolence. We have other and important things to arouse and encourage us, but they must be attended by a Divine impulse.

1. We have the command and promise of God. "Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase, so shall thy barns be filled with plenty. The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he who watereth, shall be watered. Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over, shall men give unto you to-morrow." Such command and promise should stir the churches, and the world—open every heart, and every hand in the cause of liberality.

2. We have the rich b's-sings of Divine Providence. The broad, full hand of God is ever open. He makes the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice. He visits the earth and waters it—he greatly enriches it with the river of God, which is full of water. He crowns the year with his goodness; his paths drop fatness. They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness; and the little hills rejoice on every side. The pastures are clothed with flocks—the valleys are covered over with corn—they shout for joy, they also sing. "While over some other lands, famine has spread her withering power, and thousands have perished for want of bread, our fields have yielded their golden harvest, and our stores are filled with plenty."

"The bounteous overflow of the soil
Rich reward of a faithful toil,
The blessing of health and peace, and joy,
And gentle whisper, 'God is love.'"

Such blessings press strong claims upon us for an increase of liberality in the cause of our Lord Jesus Christ. But such claims are not cancelled. Self-reliance—the love of gain prevails—the Lord's treasury remains unfilled, and a dying world is left.

3. We have stirring and noble examples. Our revival influence, David and his princes prepared funds for the Lord's house, with all their hearts. Under the same influence, primitive Christians gave themselves, and all their possessions to the Lord. Great grace was upon them all. Neither was there any among them who lacked; for as many as were possessors of lands or houses, sold them, and brought the price of the things sold, and laid them down at the apostles' feet; and distribution was made to every man, according as he had need.

Under the same influence some in these days give themselves, and their all to God. Our missionaries have risen above the love and reign of mammon—left homes and friends, and are giving their time, their energies, and their lives to the holy cause of benevolence. Some at home, like the churches of Macedonia, "make their deep poverty abound unto the riches of their liberality."

We have before us the ever memorable and unparalleled example of the Lord Jesus—Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." Such examples should make us blush, and mourn over our love of mammon, and undelivered our hands to supply the wants of a ruined world.

Such are the commands and promises of God. Such are the blessings of Divine Providence, and such are the noble examples before us; but the moral famine prevails, and the call for Jesus Christ's men is unanswered.—Must we then remain? shall navies and armies have their millions? railroads and canals have their millions? silks, carpets, and mirrors have their millions? tea, coffee, tobacco, and rum have their millions? parties of pleasure and licentiousness, in high life, and in low life, have their millions? and the treasury of God and the Lamb to be used for the redemption of a world from hell, and to elevate countless multitudes to joys unspeakable, be left empty? In three years, George the II. expended one hundred and fifty-seven millions of pounds, to replace the Bourbons on the throne of France. George the III. expended more than one thousand millions sterling. To break the yoke of foreign oppression, and spread the banner of freedom over the United States, our revolutionary fathers expended one hundred and thirty millions of dollars. \$100,000,000 are annually demanded for the altars of intemperance, and to extend the limits of the slave power, and to "conquer a peace" with Mexico. Our government, all stained with blood, are offering more than \$100,000,000 to the god of war. And what are the multitudes professedly redeemed by the blood of atonement giving, to break

the yoke of sin—to replace the King of glory in the thrones of earth, and unfurl the banner of freedom to her enslaved millions? O ye ransomed of the Lord! shall avarice and time, fashion and luxury, pride and pleasure, intemperance and lust, slavery and war have their millions? their stores of wealth, their robes of honor, their tables of feasting, and their sceptres of power, and the cause of God a few mites? Is a degenerate world to be renovated? the gospel blaze on every dark land, house, and heart, and the shout of "SALVATION TO OUR GOD, WHO SITTETH UPON THE THRONES," be made to break forth from the lips of eight hundred millions, by giving the more fragrant of our cast-off garments, the crumbs of our tables, and the filings of our minds?

Has not the time come for the wealth of the church to be consecrated to the cause of benevolence, and laid on the altar of God, to save a bankrupt, and sin-cursed world? But what power can do this work? REVIVAL POWER, AND REVIVAL POWER ALONE. Let the church, then, the whole church, bend in holy reverence before the throne, and plead for that power, and continue their pleadings, until all the funds now consecrated to self, be transferred to the church—the old subscription for self be obliterated, and a new one, indelibly stamped on God—when on every dime and dollar, shall be found, inscribed.—CONSECRATED TO THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

J. B.

Religious Affections.

Religious affections of the right kind can never be too strong. The following remarks of President Edwards on this subject are worthy of attention:

"Though there are false affections in religion, and in some respects raised high; yet undoubtedly there are also true, holy and solid affections; and the higher these are raised the better. And where they are raised to an exceeding height, they are not to be suspected merely because of their degree; but on the contrary to be esteemed. Charity, or divine love, is in Scripture represented as the sum of all the religion of the heart; but this is only a holy affection. And therefore, in proportion as this is truly fixed in the soul, and raised to a great height, the more eminent a person is in holiness. Divine love or charity is represented as the sum of all the religion in heaven, and that wherein mainly the religion of the church in its more perfect state on earth shall consist, when knowledge, and tongues, and prophecies shall cease, and no one to be left after me, and yet me with the higher this holy affection is raised in the church of God, or in a gracious soul, the more excellent and perfect is the state of the church, or a particular soul. If we take the Scriptures for our rule, then the greater and higher our exercises of love to God, delight in his presence, love to his dear and longings after him, delight in his children, love to mankind, brokenness of heart abhorrence of sin, and self-abhorrence for it; the more we have of these graces, the more perfect shall our understanding be, and the more joyful our affections in him; so much the higher is his glory, and the more perfect the soul."

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